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SCOTT C. BONE, Editor.

Ernest H. Merriam... Treasurer and Business Manager
Paul F. Cain... Assistant Treasurer
J. Harry Cunningham... Auditor
Charles C. Thompson... Mechanical Superintendent

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THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1907.

Admiral Dewey on the Philippines.

Admiral Dewey's belief that the United States will never abandon the Philippines is doubtless shared by the great majority of the American people. However great the burden may now be or may yet become, we shall, in all human probability, continue to hold the islands and to govern their inhabitants as best we may. Our national altruism, the sentiment to which Secretary Taft has appealed, will support our Philippine policy, even if economic and military considerations should not appear to justify the retention of an Oriental colony.

Admiral Dewey lays much stress upon the strategic necessity of an Oriental outpost for naval and commercial purposes. For purposes of offensive warfare, the naval experts are all agreed on the importance of distant naval stations. With that view we shall not quarrel, although there are two sides even to that question. We observe, however, that Admiral Dewey holds to the theory that the Philippines are valuable as a base of commercial operations in Asia. This is the theory which was widely exploited when we bought the islands, and still obtains. Whoever controls Manila, declared Senator Lodge, holds the key to Oriental commerce.

If Japan owned the Philippines, says Admiral Dewey, "she would command every gateway to the Orient, and the United States would be completely shut out." We see in this observation the medieval conception of commerce so commonly met in the writings of Capt. Mahan. Buccaneers still infest the Spanish Main, and pirates abound in every sea. Tarifa yet exacts a tribute from ships that pass. The frowning guns of fortified ports terrorize the richly laden galleons of our merchants. Sea power is, therefore, essential to the promotion and protection of commerce.

But, in point of fact, our commerce with the Asiatic mainland is wholly independent of the Philippines. The great steamship lines sweep to the north of the archipelago. American goods are debarred in Japanese and Chinese ports, including the British port of Hongkong, direct from Seattle and San Francisco. Yokohama, not Manila, is the great port of call for trans-Pacific shipping. Any one who looks at a map of the Asiatic coast and of the adjacent islands will see at once why this is so, and will see, furthermore, that, in the nature of things, it must always be so. The most important Chinese ports are far north of Manila. So is Japan, next to China, our principal Oriental customer. Manila is too far out of the main lines of trans-Pacific commerce to be available as a distributing point for American commerce with the mainland. It cannot, in the commercial sense, be a gateway, or a key, or a strategic point, or anything of that sort.

What, then, does Admiral Dewey mean by saying that, with the Philippines in her possession, Japan could shut us out from Oriental trade? Our commerce under the guns of Japanese warships and fortresses every day without interference. Why should it not continue to do so, even though the Japanese owned a cordon of islands along the entire Asiatic coast? We judge the Admiral is really thinking of the whole matter in terms of naval warfare. He foresees the possibility that Japan may place such obstructions in the way of our commercial enterprise through her predominant influence in the far East that we may be compelled to fight for freedom of trade and the "open door." In that event, if the Philippines are a source of naval strength, they may prove of value to the protection and expansion of our Oriental commerce. But as an aid to the peaceful development of trans-Pacific trade with the Asiatic continent, their value is doubtful, to say the least. And, as yet, there is no gateway to Asiatic commerce that is not open to us equally with the Japanese or any other nation, nor do we possess any key to the Orient except the enterprise and efficiency of our merchants and manufacturers. As for the islands, there seems no valid reason why they should not become prosperous and profitable in themselves, and we have no doubt they will.

Judge Parker talks very much like a man in need of recreation.

A Useful Royal Duke.

As a rule, the younger sons of royalty are of very little value in the make-up of things worth while these democratic days. They are ornamental; rarely useful. Bavarian Duke Karl Theodore, however, is a most noteworthy exception to this rule and sets a fashion which, if followed, doubtless would do much toward rehabilitating royalty in the good graces of all people. This royal gentleman is one of the foremost oculists of Europe and has just celebrated the completion of his five thousandth successful operation of cataract. To his sanatorium come the poor of his land, and from them the duke accepts no fee. His royal allowance and a great part of his private income goes to keep this institution up to the very highest standard. He is a profound student and keeps abreast of the latest medical and surgical discoveries and investigations.

How much better the life work of this man than the average life of royal sons not directly in line of thrones. Early in his career Duke Karl determined to make himself genuinely useful to his people.

He decided that he owed the people from whom the taxes came that supported his royal family something beside the occasional opening of a bazaar or laying of a corner stone. So he became a surgeon—and a good one, too. He has relieved the pain and defective eyesight of a large section of his native land. He is recognized throughout all Europe as an authority in his profession, and, best of all, his people love him genuinely and generously.

Royalty the world over might well emulate Duke Karl of Bavaria.

Surely Senator "Bob" Taylor cherishes no ambition to become known to fame as second fiddle to Capt. Hobson and Aurora borealis Lewis?

The Face on the Coin.

Mr. Victor B. Boyer, Pennsylvania State counselor of the Independent Order of Americans—which sounds imposing enough, even though we never heard of it before—is exceedingly wrath because the new ten-dollar gold piece is to bear the profile likeness of the comely face of a native-born Irish girl, and not an American. "What!" ejaculates the imberbered Mr. Boyer; "are there no American girls worthy of this honor; are our women not beautiful enough?"

This chivalric champion should calm himself. There are hundreds, thousands, millions of American girls pretty enough, and to spare, for this honor; worthy and well qualified in every way. Indeed, we are not sure but that a great number of them are entirely too pretty to be thus advertised. Ten-dollar gold pieces are hard enough to get, as the matter stands, and the average thirst for the same is about as acute as mankind can stand. To add to the attractiveness of a ten-dollar gold piece, the beauty of a typical American maiden would make the scramble even more strenuous than it is now—and that is not especially to be desired.

Now, if a ten-dollar gold piece with an American girl's face upon it were any easier to get than one with an Irish girl's face upon it, we should take our stamp, firmly and pugnaciously, beside the intrepid and knightly Mr. Boyer. We are very strong for the gold piece that is easy of capture and less elusive than the present output. In fact, we are not at all particular about whose face adorns the coin, provided it comes our way in sufficiently flat clusters not to say battalions and brigades. What we want—voicing the average thought of Americans in general—is more ten-dollar gold pieces, regardless.

Then, too, we like the Irish—immensely. If it is a compliment to them to bedeck our gold pieces with the likeness of one of their colliers, we are glad of it. Unless we show them this courtesy, who will? Not England. At present the Irish are forced to put up at home with coins bearing the bewildered likeness of King Edward—a royal good fellow, all right, but not exactly anybody's prize-winning beauty. We do not know, on the whole, but that this entire business may prove to be a further cementing of the ties of friendship and good will now binding America and the Emerald Isle together.

Let Mr. Boyer cease troubling. Old Glory has not been insulted, nor has American beauty been snubbed. After all, the most important thing is to get the coin, no matter the nationality of the fair-faced one whose counterfeit likeness is stamped thereon.

Discovering the north pole isn't any more difficult, however, than discovering who ordered the cocktails.

State-owned Railroads.

Advocates of the government ownership of railroads have a notable recruit in Lord Brassey, who enjoys a well-earned reputation as an economist and publicist in all English-speaking countries. In an address before the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, Lord Brassey declared that he was in favor of the state ownership of railroads, on the ground that there was a growing demand that the railroads be operated solely in the interests of the public, and not for the benefit of the shareholders. He thought there was hardly a doubt that Parliament would sanction a change of policy if it were seriously proposed.

Lord Brassey contrasted the continental system of government-owned roads with the private system of Great Britain, to the disadvantage of the latter. Where railroads were the property of the state, he said, "the requirements of the public were fully considered and the results to the treasury satisfactory, while in Great Britain competition was carried to excess, an immense amount of capital was wasted, shippers were dissatisfied with the burdensome rates, and the employees were discontented with their wages and hours of labor." The analogy of the British railway situation with our own will be at once noted, but many people will be surprised by Lord Brassey's confession that the English system is productive of results less satisfactory to both the public and the owners than government-operated roads.

We are seeking, in this country, to remedy complaints of high rates and overcapitalization by means of government regulation. Mr. Bryan and others are of the opinion that such regulation will ultimately lead to government ownership and operation of railroads. The prediction is by no means so fanciful as it may seem. To a very remarkable extent State railroad commissions are undertaking to regulate the actual physical operation of roads, and Chairman Knapp, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, has said that the commission will eventually take steps in the same direction. Railroad managers are already complaining that the discipline of their employees is being relaxed because of division of control between government and railroad authority. If State legislatures insist that passengers and freight be carried at unremunerative rates, there would seem to be no alternative to bankruptcy but government ownership, under which dividends would be subordinate to cheapened public service. Moreover, it may become a serious question whether private capital will invest in railroad enterprises under the limitations as to income fixed by public regulation. In that case the people would have to do without railroads or authorize their governments to build and operate them.

Government ownership is a long way off, if it ever comes in these United States; yet who can doubt the logic of Lord Brassey's proposition that if railroads must be operated solely in the interest of the public, they must be so operated by government? To encourage railroad building and insure efficient private management, we must permit the private owners of railroads to make secure and reasonable profit out of their investment—a condition compatible with reasonable rates of service and reasonable public regulation of railroads, and one which wholly avoids prospective government ownership, with its imposing problems and positive perils.

Following Emperor William's illustrious example, the King of Saxony was

thrown from his horse a few days since. Not even Mr. Jacob Rills could carry loyalty and emulation further.

Former Senator Chandler has resigned a rather fat job under the government, and not for "something better." But, then, the Senator always was original.

Remedies for the Tramp Evil.

That the everlasting tramp problem should occupy the attention of railroad men and charitable organizations at a time when the cry the country over is for more workers is one of the anomalies of our economic life. Mr. Powderly tells us that a million men can find employment in the United States, yet the army of tramps is so numerous that railroad managers are making special efforts to protect their properties from depredation by vagrants, and a national vagrancy committee has been formed to deal with the problem on its humanitarian side. Some striking facts have been adduced to show the importance of the tramp evil to the railroads. Thousands of tramps are killed annually on American transportation lines. During the five years ending with 1905 nearly 24,000 trespassers were killed, or more than the number of trainmen and passengers killed in the same period. Of these 24,000 trespassers it is estimated that one-half to three-fourths were tramps. The Pennsylvania Railroad figures that tramps cost at least \$25,000,000 annually.

Little progress has been made by local authorities in dealing with the tramp nuisance. The correctional measures taken are as often as not a direct encouragement of the evil they are designed to prevent. Jails and lockups are a place of refuge for the hobo. One county penitentiary was described by Orlando P. Lewis, in an address at the recent meeting of the National Prison Association, as a "winter vacation resort for tramps." As few local jails provide work for their inmates, the short sentences imposed on vagrants have no terrors. Municipal lodging houses and soup kitchens, the leniency of the police, and the benevolence of their friends combine to insure the case by which the wanderer may live without display. Mr. Lewis finds that our present correctional methods "err in not being sufficiently repressive to the vagrant by intention," while they are "not sufficiently helpful to the occasional vagrant, or to the honest wayfarer seeking work." He suggests the following remedial proposals:

"Able-bodied vagrants must work or be imprisoned at hard labor. The sentences of vagrants should be cumulative. Those lodging vagrants should provide for them a separate house, or, if they are lodged at the almshouse, separate and distinct quarters. Vagrants should not be lodged in police stations or town lockups. A municipal lodging-house should be established in all cities having a vagrancy problem. Vagrants trespassing on railroads should be arrested and established in labor. Greater co-operation is necessary between towns and railroads in prosecuting vagrants. The costs of the prosecution and maintenance of vagrants should be made a State charge. At least one compulsory labor colony for habitual vagrants, with indeterminate sentences, should be established in each State. In each community there should be the chance for the vagrant to earn by a work-test his temporary care in lodging and meals."

The essential feature of all these is that the vagrant must be compelled to work. Nothing should be free to him. If he will not work, then let him starve. A Spartan remedy, some may think, but the only effective one. Nor would there be any real hardship in it if work were provided in labor colonies, as Mr. Lewis thinks should be done. Compulsory labor is something rather abhorrent to American individualism, but surely it would be better than the encouragement of hordes of tramps to wander up and down the countryside, trespassing on railroads and other property, becoming charges on jails and workhouses, and threatening unprotected women. And if to the provision of hard labor for habitual vagrants there should be added a general determination on the part of individuals not to assist any obvious hobo, the army of tramps would undoubtedly show a considerable diminution.

The New York World thinks that Mr. Nicholas Longworth may succeed Senator Foraker. It isn't at all probable that Ohio thinks any such thing, however.

Sending Mr. Wu Ting-fang back to this country as Chinese Ambassador would be more or less of a questionable transaction.

Prince Borghese is being urged by the Italian government to run for mayor of Rome, from which we infer that the Eternal City needs detourism.

It would be no friendly act on the part of Emperor William to send us so unspeakable a gentleman as Herr von Tschirsky-Bogendorf as successor to Baron von Stenbock.

"The esteemed Washington Herald credits the lie 'I saw eternity the other night' to a Chicago reporter. But didn't Henry Vaughan see it first?" politely inquires the Milwaukee Sentinel. Oh, well, as to that, our guess would be that Abel saw it first.

Gov. Von Yonson hasn't declared against the third-term theory—so far as the governorship of Minnesota is concerned.

Washington's baseball team is the only home institution we know of that behaves as if it had been reared in Houston, Tex.

An Illinois man wants to abolish the Constitution of the United States. A number of people think it is being done now-by degrees.

That Cambridge professor who proposes to cure all people of the prevarication habit will be viewed by the average politician as a dangerous revolutionist.

Muldoon, the member, appears to have operated upon Secretary Root with entire success. Bully for Muldoon!

An umpire was killed by an exploding bottle of soda pop recently. Anti-prohibitionists will not fail to make note of this new soda-pop peril.

There comes persistent rumors of dissensions among the Hoke Smiths down in Jawjaw. Doubtless the pie supply is not adequate to the demand.

Mr. Watterson designates a certain obnoxious individual as "a liar, a begot, and a polecat in the bargain."

"Marse Henry" is coming dangerously near to name-faking.

"Bob" Fitzsimmons will never look natural in marble unless the sculptor can manage somehow to sculp in the freckles.

A self-made cocktail is a dangerous thing.

"Who has the money?" asks the Deseret News. John D. Rockefeller appears to have the greater part of it.

The Hughes boom is moving along nicely. They are now calling him "Charlie."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's marriage, in point of mystery, seems to have been quiet in keeping with his stock in trade.

Summer went out with a simmer.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A BRIEF CORRESPONDENCE.

Once a dandelion yelet Meg,
On a farm,
Wrote her name up an egg;
But no harm,
"Maybe 'twill be seen," quoth she,
"Far away."
Some nice man may write to me
Any day."

Two years later, to a dot,
Came a second;
And its tone was rather hot—
Warm, indeed,
It was from an actor's fin,
By the by,
Seem'd an egg had landed in
His off eye."

Fail.
The fields are wet, the leaves are brown;
It's time to get the goosebore down.

A Poet's Fuel.
To purchase coal he has no tin, yet
doth no way rife pull. He knows the
good old poetry bin is more than heaping
full.

At the Theater.
They hide away, we breast the crush.
I think an usher ought to ush.

Our Poetic Edition.
Some people climb away from rhyme, yet
rhyme would do them good.
A little verse is not so worse; it purifies
the blood.

Poetic pills will cure your ills and chase
away your woes;
Yet, lest you shirk, we've gone to work
and fixed them up as prose.

Back to the Truth.
I used to know a girl named Mabel;
she thought that was a lovely label.
But since the new pure food laws came she's
going 'round again as Name.

Wouldn't Think of It.
They say that guides are scarce this
year on all the mountain sides. But what
care? It would be queer to go out
after guides.

The Trial Marriage.
It will not work in real life, for, good-
ness knows, no man would buy a trial
wife expensive clothes.

BREAKFAST TABLE CHAT.
From the Detroit Free Press.

INDIAN SUMMER.
I.
Indian summer days are nearing, days
of burnished red and gold,
When the mists of morning, clearing,
show the fields of corn will gladden,
Days when fields of corn will gladden,
like the curls on baby's head,
When to songs of joy we'll listen,
for the crops are harvested.

Changing seasons bring their treasures,
but the Indian summer seems
fraught with more delightful pleasures,
days of joy and days of dreams.

II.
In the night time, while we slumber,
nature's jewels have made
Rarest gems of countless number
for the humblest wisp or blade;
Coronets of crystal shining, necklaces
of jewels rare.

Richer far than gems we're mining,
for the royal bide to wear,
Indian summer days are nearing, gorgeous
Indian summer days.

When the mists of morning, clearing, all
the earth will seem ablaze.

III.
Trees to red and gold are turning, soon
the leaves will slowly fall,
Over earth the fires are burning, wait-
ing for the final call;
Like the sounding and the clashing, ere
the curtain slow descends,
Like the crashing and the dashing, ere
at last the opera ends.

So, it seems, is nature ending in a flourish
with your hurrahs and your applause,
All her brilliant colors blending, ere she
goes upon her way.

So It Seems.
"Do you think they will ever discover
the north pole?"
"Surely. But not until there ceases
to be good money in lecturing about it."

The Furnace.
There is one feature about the furnace
that appeals to all men. It doesn't have
to be put up every year, anyhow.

True.
Eight tons of coal we always think,
Should surely last the winter through;
And yet somehow we often find
That though they should they never do.

Would Accept No Substitute.
"I would like to marry your pretty
daughter," said the young man, quietly,
to her father.

"I can't let you have the pretty one,"
replied the old man, "but you can have
the homely one, and I'll guarantee you
that she's just as good."

But the young man had read the warn-
ing, "accept no substitute," and the
"just as good" line of talk was wasted
upon him.

Wall Street View of the Fine.
From the Wall Street Journal.

Judge Landis fined the Standard Oil
Company \$25,000.00. The fine was so im-
mense, so vastly in excess of the entire
capital of the company, that its effect
has been to disturb confidence in securi-
ties rather than to destroy confidence in
a hated and devouring trust. Since the
fine of \$25,000.00 was imposed the prices
of railroad and industrial stocks have
declined nearly \$80,000,000. If the impair-
ment to confidence should continue, it
may turn out that the fine of the Standard
Oil Company \$25,000.00. Judge Landis
really fined the country \$250,000,000.

Indifference to Home Rule.
From the Minneapolis Journal.

Minneapolis and Chicago are two great
cities which yesterday put themselves on
record against home rule. In neither city
is it clear what caused the slump away
from their own best interests, but in gen-
eral cause, indifference, is evident in
both. Chicago, with a registration of
200,000 made for this election, cast about
half that number, and about one-third of
the total possible vote of the city. Min-
neapolis, with a vote of 42,000 a year ago,
turned out only 15,000 electors yesterday.

Suspicious.
From the New York Sun.

So the excellent Mr. Taft was only a
balloon d'assal after all! It is inconceiv-
able that the gentleman who launched
himself should be dissatisfied with the re-
sults of his usefulness experiment.

Tales from the Timber.
From the Ohio State Journal.

Maybe opportunity will knock at Dr.
Lone's door when Dr. Roosevelt returns
from the Louisiana canebrake district
most ordinary household utensils, the sub-
jects for improvements are numberless.
The mechanic arts offer an inviting field
for the young man who is perplexed over
the course of study he should pursue.

On Its Death Bed?
From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Ante-mortem statements made in the
fear of death are entitled to the highest
credence, and the dying declarations of
the Standard Oil Company are profoundly
impressive.

Some Vitality Left.
From the Indianapolis News.

Anyway, the Oklahoma election shows
that the Democratic party is alive in
spots.

A TWR.
Mr. W. Wood Miss Phr.
And he, Mr.
W. Wood Miss Phr. left, then W.
K. A.

Then Miss Phr.'s husband er.
Said W. Wood.
Mr. W.'s check now wears a
Painful Po.

Still Opportunity for Invention.
From the Portland Oregonian.

Notwithstanding the great advances
that have been made in the industrial
world in the last half century as the
result of inventions, the field for the man
of inventive genius is still unlimited.
From a \$300,000 machine of mine I was
most ordinary household utensils, the sub-
jects for improvements are numberless.
The mechanic arts offer an inviting field
for the young man who is perplexed over
the course of study he should pursue.

Dry and Democratic.
From the Kansas City Times.

It is the first State to come into
the Union "dry." And to make its en-
trance still more unique, it came in both
"dry" and Democratic.

Safe, So Far.
From the Baltimore Sun.

So far, there is nothing to indicate that
Taft has turned turtle.

Chicago Post.

MEN AND THINGS.

Watson and His Ambitions.

People who know "Jim" Watson, the
Indiana Congressman, realize that his
decision to leave the House in order to
become a candidate for governor of his
State must have cost him many a pang
of regret, for Watson enjoyed being a
member of Congress. There can be no
doubt of that. Indeed, it is impossible
to recall just now any of his colleagues who
gloried as much in this position of Fed-
eral lawmaker which means so much
backbone where the votes come from,
and, usually, so little here in Washing-
ton. To the young Indiana Congress-
man—or is, let us say, since he is still a
member and presumably will continue to
be during the coming session—a very seri-
ous matter. He is not a statesman-
like a magnetic talker and a clever politi-
cian—but he has always taken his politi-
cally seriously, and has always been dis-
creet and industrious in the extreme. To
these circumstances, however, than to any
unusual ability, are due his rise in the
House to the more or less important po-
sition of majority whip and to member-
ship on the Ways and Means Committee,
which body, although supposed to be at
the top of the list in matter of power
and importance, is really second to ap-
propriations in sessions when no tariff
or revenue bills of moment are up for
consideration.

"Uncle Joe" discovered that Watson
could keep his mouth shut as well as
talk; that he was a hard worker, and
moreover, that he was shrewd and what
probably would be termed "smart" in the
middle West. Hence the young Indiana
man's promotion to his present position
that he naturally is reluctant to
part with, even for what appears to be a
good chance of being governor.

Opinion is divided as to Representative
Watson's future. Some would have him
in Congress. It is quite reasonable to as-
sume that that monumental statesman,
the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, will continue
to succeed himself as long as he lives
and remains a member of European coun-
tries. The Republican maintain a majority.
But even with "Uncle Joe" eliminated, it
is by no means certain that the orator
from Indiana could be elected Speaker.
So, everything considered, a considerable
number of friends of Watson's are here
at the Capital think he has acted
wisely in announcing himself for the
gubernatorial office, especially as his
prospects seem particularly bright.

What Carnegie Has Done.

Mrs. William Moore, wife of a farmer,
living near Springfield, Mass., has just
returned from a visit of several months
to her birthplace, Dunfermline, Scotland.
Dunfermline is also the native place of
Andrew Carnegie, and Mrs. Moore has
returned to America filled with admiration
for her countryman, the steel million-
aire. She says that Mr. Carnegie has by
no means neglected his little native town
of Dunfermline in his benefices. He has
bought a beautiful, green estate, and the
town and made of it a summer resort
attractive that hundreds spend their out-
ings there. He has furnished houses for
many friends who aided him when he
was a poor boy in Scotland. And, he
sides, he has provided a fine library, a
handsome library, public baths, and
many other public buildings. He hardly
ever visits the place now.

Civilization in Kentucky.

Civilization is climbing the Kentucky
mountains. Jackson, the county seat of
"Bloody Breathitt," known as the "City
of Sudden Death," is treating itself to
electric lights. Under the Hargis-Calla-
han domination there were no street lights
at all. It was often necessary to wait
for broad daylight to get a bead on a
marked man. As the Louisville Courier-
Journal remarks, "Of course, there were
moonlight nights when a man might be
hit if a shotgun could be conveniently se-
cured; but moonlight half-a-murdering,
half-concealing the target is misleading,
and there is always the danger of mistaken
identity and filling an old and tried friend
with your buckshot. The electric light
now being needed for the purpose they
might have served. They will burn
long and brightly, illuminating the streets
of a peaceful town; and it is improbable
that they will ever be shot out on Satur-
day nights by the boys from Quicksand
and Frozen Creek, so quiet and orderly
has the Breathitt capital grown."

Facts About Illiterates.

It is strange but true that we have
a larger proportion of illiterates in this
country than most European countries.
Of all the recruits in the German army
in 1901, only one in each 2,500 was illiter-
ate. In Sweden and Norway it was one
in 1,250; in Denmark, one in 500; in
Switzerland, one in 160; in Holland, one
in 40; in France, one in 16. In 1902
in England, one man in forty, and
one woman in forty were unable to write
their names when they were married.
About four-fifths of the American illiter-
ates were born among the most un-
favored people of the old world. But
that fact must not blind us to the other
fact that we have too many illiterates
born in this country. In New York State
in 1900 there were 2,108 illiterates of
foreign birth and 18,012 of native birth.
The percentage of illiterates who are
American-born is much larger in the
country than in the cities. Indeed, there
are few in any rural counties which
show so small a percentage of native
illiterates as the larger cities show. The
city and county of New York have a
smaller percentage of illiterates who are
the children of foreign-born parents than
any other county in the State of New
York.

She Found Out.

A woman who was formerly a kinder-
garten teacher, but who is now connected
with a hospital in West Philadelphia, tells
the following experience she had with one
of the youngsters while she was teaching
them: "The rules of the school required
that when a child reports a case of ill-
ness in the family the teacher should find
out what is the matter, whether the ill-
ness is contagious or not, and it is usually
necessary to send the pupil home for a
statement of the facts. One of my
charges was a young girl of my own age,
very fond because of his unusual intelli-
gence for so young a pupil. One morn-
ing I did not see him in his seat and I
asked the other children if they knew
where he was. They told me that his
mother was ill. I learned that his mother
was sick, but that it was not catching. 'That
won't do,' I said. 'You must go home
and find out and tell me just what is the
matter with your mamma.' Pretty soon
the little lad came back. 'Teacher,' he
said, 'mamma says it's a boy.'"